

BLACK PLAIN 195

Chapter 195: Sadists

A few weeks ago...

A group of four men took the first steps to enter a location, which seemed abandoned by humankind, in a small town on the southwest coast of the Kingdom of the Waves.

The few streets there were all disgusting, with garbage piled up in some places, and a stinky stream could be seen passing under some minor crossings.

If one followed the path of this muddy stream, one would notice that it proceeded until it reached a beach near that location, where it discharged its dirty water, polluting the sea.

Instead of an attractive seascape with golden sand and greenish, crystalline water, if you were here, you would witness a dirty beach with brown stains all over the sand and black water.

And coming back to the city, there weren't many buildings around.

There was just enough for a few dozen criminals to settle in, plus enough space for a few hundred captives.

Anyway, amid this precarious place, where there were animals and incest everywhere, the four men continued walking, heading towards the central part of that place.

Of these four men, three of them dressed poorly, with clothes that were undoubtedly a few years old that weren't washed...

But despite being sloppy, the three looked relatively healthy, with tanned skin and well-defined muscles.

As for the remaining man, he didn't look as good as the rest... Not just for the set of handcuffs he wore on his feet, hands, and neck, but also for the appearance he displayed.

He had short hair and tanned skin, but he had a pitiful appearance. His lips were parched as if he hadn't seen water in days, while his face was ashen.

The young Peter, who had looked fine before, now looked considerably weaker, thinner, and weak.

It indeed was a pitiful situation.

Even though he was only a few months older than Minos, if someone tried to guess his age right now, it wouldn't be weird if someone assumed he was over 200...

But this was not strange. Peter had used everything he had in the battle a few days ago to ensure his family's escape. And coupled with the fact that he couldn't cultivate in the current state where he had an array that sealed off his spiritual energy, the young Sergeant really couldn't look healthy right now.

But not only that, sometimes the pirates who kidnapped him took time to torture Peter while having fun seeing the pained expression that he made.

These people were utterly sadistic, who loved to see the terror in the eyes of their victims. Rapists who didn't care about things like age, being willing to do it with both old women and little girls.

But Peter was lucky. At least these guys had no interest in men, otherwise...

And in a way, Peter was very pleased with himself for giving his family the chance to run away. After having to accompany these men for a few days, the young Sergeant did not know what could have happened to his mother and his little sister if things were different...

Halfway to this seaside town, the group had passed other human settlements, where Peter had the displeasure of seeing these men raping a mother and daughter, a 10-year-old girl while forcing the father to see all this.

After finishing this perverse act, the trio tortured and killed the entire family, dismembering each of those victims while trying to keep them conscious for as long as possible.

For them, it wasn't worth enslaving people with White talent, so they just indulged their own weird desires with this kind of victim...

In Peter's mind, after seeing all that, he couldn't stop thinking about slowly destroying these people. The hatred he felt for this trio only increased as he was forced to know their sick personality.

And in a way, part of the miserable appearance he had right now was due to this hatred that just built up. In certain situations, if the psychological wasn't right, it could affect the rest of a person's body!

Unfortunately, Peter had no glimmer of hope at this point. Without being able to cultivate, he was much weaker than these people and could only wait until the light at the end of the tunnel appeared to him.

Anyway, after some time walking around that place, the man at the front of the group, dressed in black trousers and no shirt, exposing a large tattoo of a red triangle on his back, as if it were a medal he was proud of, suddenly stopped in front of a specific establishment.

This was a place where one could hear screams of pain from time to time, where there were large numbers of people trapped in small cells.

The group leader finally saw who he was looking for and said. "Nox, is my ship ready to depart? You said the repairs would only take a month, but it's been six weeks since I ordered the service!"

Hearing this, a middle-aged man with a skinny body looked at Del and then laughed. "Kekeke, Del, why are you complaining? Your ship was ready ten days ago, you who have not come to me before."

'Oh? This must be the first time this old demon has done a job on time...." The pirate leader, Del, thought about this as he watched the movement in this establishment.

"Well! If that is the case, I will no longer need to leave my slaves in your warehouse. I'm leaving tomorrow!"

Nox then went to a wooden chair behind a counter and sat down. He picked up a list and started reading what was there until he finally says it. "There are 439 slaves, who were 'hosted' here for 43 days... That's... With your ship repaired... 6,580 crystals. Since you're a frequent customer, I'll do it for 6,500."

After hearing this, one of the thugs who was with Del placed a bag full of crystals on the table, making the payment to that skinny man.

Meanwhile, suddenly a muscular man entered the room, but he stopped when he saw the tattoo on Del's back almost as he did so.

'Are these pests around here?' He thought. This man was one of the local managers, one of the few people who lived permanently in this nameless town.

His name was Akar, and he was one of the strongest in this city, being at level 45!

At the same time, Del turned to the front door of that establishment and saw a familiar face. "Look, if it's not manager Akar! Hahaha, it's been a long time since we've seen each other, huh!"

Naturally, Akar had the displeasure of meeting Del. After all, Akar was one of the few people who tried to make this place work. And for that, there was undoubtedly a need for people to impose certain rules...

The problem was that there were always those who didn't like rules and acted as they wanted, bringing chaos wherever they were...

That was the case with pirates like Del, members of a large organization. And for Akar, such individuals were absolute nightmares. He hated them, but he couldn't do anything to stop these individuals' actions.

And because of that, he already knew Del from some of the problems that had happened in this unnamed town.

Akar then forced a smile and tried to look friendly. "Oh? Are you Del? I thought you were sailing. It's a surprise to see you here..."

"Hahaha, I was lucky to receive a ship left behind by my superiors, but this ship needed some repairs before we could continue sailing." He said this with a smile, exposing his good fortune to these old acquaintances.

"Oh? Good for you! But tell me, how did you manage to impress these guys?" Nox asked, with a curious gleam in his eyes.

It was not common for these pirates to receive this kind of perk, even if they were a branch of a large organization.

Del then smiled and said. "I don't know all the details either, but it seems that a few months ago, a group that had left the headquarters had an incident and ended up being thrown towards the Kingdom of the End's north sea."

"Oh? So, they were unlucky enough to go through that chaotic region?" The old man exclaimed in surprise.

It was no secret that the North Sea of ??the Central Continent was extremely dangerous.

"Hmm, I heard that several Spiritual Kings died at that time, and even the Spiritual Emperor who was in the group couldn't survive!"

Hearing this, they all fell silent as they felt goosebumps pass through their bodies. Even Peter couldn't help but be shocked by this information.

Spiritual Emperors were people who could even fly!

This was the dream of billions of people, but only a few had the potential to achieve it, coming from the region where they were.

But even so, a cultivator of this level had died in the North Sea!

After a few moments of silence, Del burst out laughing and then continued. "Hahaha, but it benefited me tremendously! Without this disaster, I would never get my new ship!"